

Sharing is Caring by HobbitSpaceCase

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Summary:

Steve gets ditched by a girl, so Tommy and Carol decide to cheer him up with a threesome.

Sharing is Caring

Author's Note:

So who wanted a slightly tipsy Tommy/Carol/Steve threesome where Tommy and Carol cheer Steve up after he's ditched by a girl? No one? Well too bad, because here it is!

Steve tossed his second empty beer can against the deck and sighed. Ten minutes ago, everything had been going great. Tommy had thrown Carol in the pool, his favorite way of getting her tops wet and clinging to her curves, and Steve had managed to convince Mackenzie Palmer to relax a little and chug her first beer.

And then somehow, in between offering her another beer and Carol splashing her from the side of the pool, she'd blown up at him, going on about how she wasn't a slut, and she wasn't going to sleep with him, and if that's the only reason he invited her to this party then she was going home. Tommy and Carol might have egged her on a little, sure, but everyone knew not to take Tommy and Carol seriously. Sure they were dicks, but they weren't that bad.

"What a spazz," Carol had commented from the side of the pool, before Tommy shoved her head underwater, leading to a wrestling match that ended with them making out at the other end of the pool and Steve alone with the rest of his six pack and no girl.

Which brought him to his current sad state.

Tommy and Carol were whispering together down by the other side of the pool, Carol giggling as Tommy shoved her shoulder and grinned with too many teeth. Steve frowned and looked away, contemplating grabbing another beer while he stared up at the stars blinking in and out of sight between thin stripes of cloud.

He was taken by surprise when Carol suddenly loomed over his deck chair. "Hey Steve," she said, licking her bottom lip and batting her lashes. "You're looking lonely over here." Before he could respond, she threw one leg over his lap, straddling him and dripping water all

over. Grabbing his wrists, she brought his hands up to cup her tits through her soaked shirt. Steve wondered for a moment how much he had to drink, but then Carol ground down against his dick and pushed his hands harder against her chest, and he stopped thinking and started touching. Her nipples were already stiff, and Tommy must have got her bra off when they were messing around in the pool, because the thin layer of her shirt was all that separated his fingers from bare skin.

“What about Tommy?” he asked, even as his hands migrated down her sides to clutch at her hips and grind her against his aching dick again. Her shirt was plastered against her body, clinging to every curve, and Steve could see the points of her nipples through the fabric.

Tommy appeared at his side, smirking. “Sharing is caring,” he said with a snigger, and leaned over to kiss Carol wet and open, heads tilted so Steve could see the slide of their tongues against each other.

“What the fuck?” he meant to say, but a few words got lost somewhere between his brain and his mouth. “Fuck,” he breathed instead, head thunking back against the plastic chair back. His dick was already hard in his jeans, leaking warm drops of pre-come against the front of his briefs as he watched Tommy break away for a minute to pull Carol’s shirt up over her head.

“Don’t worry, loverboy,” Carol cooed at him, shaking her wet hair back behind her shoulders. “We’ll get there.”

Tommy straddled Steve’s legs behind Carol, and she leaned down to press her naked chest against his clothed front, kissing him. Steve imagined he could taste Tommy’s spit mixed in with the taste of her lipgloss and chlorine. The thought wasn’t nearly as much of a turn-off as he would have expected, if he’d ever thought to imagine this scenario.

“Shouldn’t we, ah, go inside?” Steve said, when Carol finally stopped shoving her tongue down his throat.

“What?” Carol asked, giggling. “Afraid someone will see us?”

That was exactly what Steve was afraid of, but with Tommy hooking his face over Carol's shoulder to mirror the exaggerated pout on her face, he decided not to argue. He was supposed to be the leader of their little group, not the pussy who couldn't even handle a little outdoor sex in his own backyard.

He kept his mouth shut, instead, as Carol leaned back into Tommy, tilting her head around to kiss him again. Tommy brought his hands up to fondle her tits, rolling her stiff nipples between his fingers, and smirking even as he kissed her. One of Steve's hands slid around her hip, between their bodies to rub at her through her pants, and she moaned into Tommy's mouth, lifting her hips for better access. It made his dick throb to imagine that not all the wetness soaking her jeans was pool water.

"C'mon, Steve," Tommy said, as he continued to play with her tits, "I know you wanna be inside her. She feels fucking amazing, don't you babe?" She smirked and kissed him again.

"I don't have any condoms out here," Steve said, not sure whether or not he wished he hadn't spoken. It turned out not to matter anyway, a second later.

Tommy pulled back and snorted a laugh. "Got you covered, Steve-o," he said, pulling a condom with some difficulty out of his pocket and waving it in the air. Drops of water flew everywhere, one drop catching against Steve's lower lip.

Carol swung off Steve just long enough to shimmy out of her pants and panties in one move, Tommy leaning over the growing wet spot on Steve's jeans to help her, before she straddled Steve again, hovering over him to unzip his pants and yank them down his thighs. Tommy handed her the condom, already opened, and she plucked it out of the packaging, throwing the empty wrapper on the deck and rolling the rubber down Steve's impressive length. Steve's eyes fluttered closed and he groaned at the feeling of her small hands on his hard cock. She guided his hands back to her tits, and then put one of her small hands back on his dick to guide him inside her, enveloping him in tight, wet heat.

Tommy's hands replaced Steve's on her hips, and after a second of

adjustment, Tommy started guiding her up and down while she threw her head back against his shoulder and moaned. The weight of both his friends on his thighs stopped Steve from thrusting much, but he let his hands roam over her chest, her stomach, her back, and down to rub at her bare clit. “Damn, Stevie,” she moaned, grinding against his fingers before lifting herself up again, “Fuck.” She followed her moan with another giggle, kissing Tommy open mouthed.

She was a gorgeous girl. Steve had always tried not to look too much, knowing she was Tommy’s girl and just how sickeningly devoted they were to each other, for all that they always tried to play off their feelings with jokes and bluster. Now, though, he figured he was allowed to look as much as he wanted, so he did - he watched her pretty, perfect tits bounce as Tommy guided her on his dick, watched his dick disappear inside her wet cunt on every downstroke, watched her eyes close and her mouth drop open as Tommy licked and sucked marks into her neck. Tommy’s brown eyes met Steve’s for one awkward moment over her shoulder, constellations of freckles standing out stark in his flushed face, before Steve closed his eyes and just let himself feel.

It took an embarrassingly short amount of time for Steve to come after that, hands moving to cover Tommy’s on Carol’s hips and grind her down as his dick pulsed, filling the condom. Later he would blame it on already being wound up and horny from Mackenzie. At the moment, all he could do was moan and shake through his orgasm, made more intense when Carol leaned over, smashing her bare tits into his chest and kissing him. She was a filthy kisser, wet and open and shoving her tongue in his mouth.

“Not bad, Steve,” she said, licking her lips as she pulled away. “That bitch doesn’t know what she missed out on.”

A second later, she shrieked, as Tommy picked her up and lifted her bodily off of Steve. The shriek turned to more giggles, and Tommy laid her down on her back on the next deck chair, dick already out and wrapped as he landed on top of her writhing, giggling form. Steve jerked his head away from the scene when he realized his gaze was focused on Tommy’s bare ass instead of Carol’s bouncing tits.

He tucked himself back into his pants, the effort made a bit more

difficult by the way the wet denim wanted to cling to his legs, and waited for his heart rate to go back to normal. He wasn't entirely sure how he felt about what had just happened. At least he wasn't thinking of Mackenzie's angry face as she stormed off anymore.

He *really* needed another beer.